

Furversion

VOL. I No. 3



The PARTY ANIMALS
(Furry PARTY CREW)

G 7/8/1

Furversion #3

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Insert: (Only to subscribers)

A Anime-Janai?! Survey results package from Walter Jung.

Next Issue: September 20th 1987
This will be a Full APA Issue

Deadline is: September 1, 1987

Furverted Info

Welcome my friends, to this the third issue of **Furversion**! This issue is being totally produced using my Atari 520 ST. By producing it this way I am saving at least \$20 in computer use time charges.

Anyway, this zine is not for telling you about new desktop publishing methods, so I'll just get on with it.

This issue comes out at a rather busy time in fandom so it is most likely getting to you either at the San Deigo ComicCon or late via US Mail.

Timecon

As far as I know at the time of this writing (mid July) there is/was no Furry party at Timecon. If this is a mistaken asumption, please drop me a line and tell me how it went. I am not going to be able to be at Timecon.

San Diego ComicCon Furry Party

This one IS (going to/is/did) (happen/happening). The reason I know this is that my room is one of the ones it (will be/is/did) (happen/happening) in. The hotel in which this party (will be/is/did) (happen/happening) in is the Holliday Inn/Harbor View.

Subscriptions

Subscriptions to this zine are all considered donations. Every cent I get for this goes into printing costs, envelopes and mailing. Contributors are not paid in any way and I make NOTHING in publishing it. In fact Issue one cost roughly \$40+ out of my own pocket even though it was very small. Issue 2 ran a total of \$72 to produce, but only \$8 of that out of my own pocket due to donations.

There are two ways to handle subscriptions.

1> You send me \$8 which I apply to your account in my computer files. Then I deduct the per-unit/issue cost of printing up and mailing it to you from this account. The average cost of an issue prior to the new meathod listed in the preamble has been roughly \$1.75 ea. (56 cents postage). I expect to get is down to \$1 with this issue, but I will not know until I actually print it.

2> You send me More than \$8. I consider some portion of it (as much over \$8 as you specify in the letter with it) the same as the \$8 in #1. The rest is donated to the Overrun fund (for those issues, like this one, that have inserts and therefore might overrun the funds at hand).

Either way, you send me the money by Check or Money Order made out to **Karl Maurer** at the address listed later in this zine.

Special Thanks this time around go to all those that bought issues of Issue #2 at westercon and to Paul R. Dale. Without thier donations, this issue would not exist. Thanks guys!

The Special Bonus Insert

This issue, all those on the mailing list (listed later in this issue) recieve something extra. This insert is ONLY to those people and will NOT appear with back issues or issues sold for contributions at the furry parties.

This insert is the First Annual Anime-Janai Awards, produced for the Anime-Janai?! APA from Ontario, Canada. The Cover of the insert itself is the index page from the May 87 issue of this APA. Anime-Janai?! cover Anime in general and contains art (which is sometimes in color even!), well-written (and fairly edited) stories, and up-to-date

information from many of the more-well-known names in Anime fandom. The issues come with cerloc binding and plastic cover protectors and are mailed first class by air. If you are interested in this sort of thing and like what you see in the insert, check it out by sending a SASE to the address shown on the cover of the insert.

For your information, the May 87 issue totaled a whopping 417 net pages!!

The APA does have a limited roster, so you might only be able to get on a waiting list. However, according to Water Jung, it is possible to contribute and not be a subscriber. These seems to be called "Franking".

Special thanks to Walter Jung for providing the Inserts and doing all the copying himself! Thanks Walter!

Future Conventions

San Diego Comicon - August 1987

Octocon - October 1987 in Santa Rosa

Baycon - May 1988 in San Jose

Worldcon - August 1988 in Louisiana

Worldcon - Aug/Sept 1987 in England

Loscon - November 1987 in Los Angeles

I will attempt to get addresses for all of the above conventions that are happening after Worldcon 87. These addresses will appear next issue as well as an updated listing.

Westercon Furry Party Report

Well, first off, it was so cramped at the party this time that I was unable to remember to bring up the matters that I had meant to bring up. Other than the lack of size for the growing number of people that attend a Furry Party (the rooms at the Oakland Regency are SMALL !) the party went fine. We actually had two parties, one on Friday and one on Saturday. What was mostly done this time around was watch Furry related TV. Had there been more room available, the art that Was going on might have been more evident. But it seems that a fun time Was had by all.

The Furversion APA

Well, plans continue along. I am looking for Art, Fiction, Semi-Fact, Cover Art, suggestions, communications, and anything else that might fit in this thing.

Special Notice: If you want to publicly coment on someone else's inclusion in this APA/Zine then write it in letter form for the Letter's Column. This Letter's Column will be personally answered by KyiM Granger Lion himself. He is willing to talk about just about anything in this column.

If you would like to directly coment about a artist's/writer's work, please do so in a private letter sent directly to said artist/writer.

The Letter's Column will appear in all future issues.

In short, Comments like those that clog some APA's are not something that I will print unles put forward in the form of a letter for the Letter's Column.

I would like to have at least one Color page in the APA, But we shall see.

How it is going to work, money wise. I will take orders. Initail estimate on the cost of this first issue is on the order of \$5 each. This does not include postage. (which will most likly come to near \$2). And all this assumes that things work right the first time.

Deadline is: September 1st, 1987

If you think you have most of it done, but it will take a few more days beyond the deadline, **Call ME!**

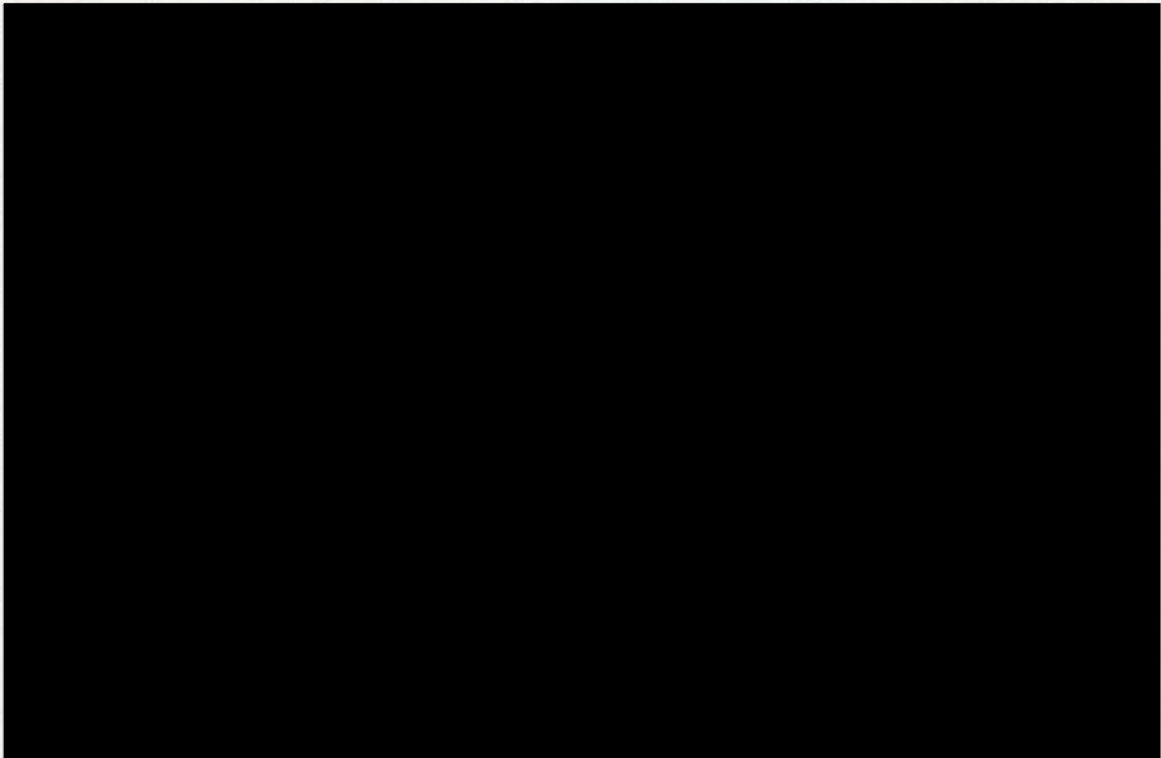
Publication date for the APA is SEPTEMBER 20th, 1987. It will replace both the August and September issues of this zine.

I need artists to label whether or not they want me to send them their original art back, and whether I can option to buy it rather than send it back.

The List

Each issue, I include this list. This issue we have gained 14 new people. Each of these people signed up at the Westercon Furry Party. This brings the total to 35 people. As soon as it reaches 50, I will either have to up the subscription rate (see subscriptions elsewhere in this issue) or close the ranks and only allow new names if someone else drops off. Let me know how You think I should handle this.

Note: A list of individuals' personal information
has been redacted from Pages 4 and 5



An Open Letter

Syls Sable (Mark Merlino) & Vinson Mink (Rod O'Riley) Voice Tele: (714) 539-6547
c/o The Prancing Skiltaire Ans. Mach: (714) 530-1312
13412 Gilbert Street The Tiger's Den BBS: (714) 530-2554
Garden Grove, CA 92644 (300/1200 Baud)

To Granger and the Furverts:

Chirp! (Hello!) Both of us are pleased and proud to not that furry fandom is taking off so explosively (the art show at BayCon 87 was enough proof of that!). The Furry Parties are becoming a tradition (Not to mention event) at SF and Comic conventions around the country and soon in Great Britain. For those who asked, we will be throwing official Furry Parties at:

San Diego Comicon 1987 (August)
Worldcon 1987 (August/September, Brighton, England)
Octocon 1987 (If there is one -- October, Santa Rosa, Calif.)
Loscon 1987 (November, Los Angeles)
BayCon 1988 (May, San Jose)
Worldcon 1988 (August, New Orleans, Louisiana)

If anyone can point out other interesting cons, if we can make it, we'll be there! Would folks like a Furry Party at Bayfilk 88 (Feb., San Jose)?

Now then, a bit about the two of us. We've been putting on Furry Parties since (officially) Westercon 39 in San Diego (only a year ago!). Mark has been to all of them, Rodney missed the Atlanta Worldcon and Conquistador (San Diego) parties. Both of us are very active pushers of furry fandom who grew up thinking nobody else could possibly share this wierd interest of ours. The loose definition of "Furries" or "anthropomorphics" that we've come to accept is semi-human animal characters (or vice versa) who are individuals that have a history, a story, a life behind them if you will. That's what makes them real characters to us, and part of what makes them sexy.

Individually:

MARK --

Likes:

Friends
Audio (High Fidelity)
Animation (All)
Speculative Fiction
Technology (Old and New)
Art (Illustration and Sculpture)
Communications (Verbal & Electronic)
Travel (with Friends)
Affection (Being Close)

Dislikes:

Politics
Prejudice
Prudes
Cliques
Holier-than-thou types
Bullies
Being Allone
Being "left out"
Violence (Senseless)

Mark was one of the primary organizers, starting ten years ago, of the Cartoon/Fantasy Organization (C/FO), one of the largest grassroots animation fandom groups in the U.S. and overseas. One of Mark's big dreams is to see furries animated by a major Japanese studio, or to create his own furry animation.

Mark is the creator of the Skiltaire, a sentient four-legged race of mustelids which have since been published in the FRP game "Other Suns" -- and in future novels. Skiltaire are one of the few four-legged furry species we've seen -- basically big weasels. How big? Well... They're big enough!

For now, Mark spends his time as an acoustic engineer for his own speaker company (Lantana Ltd.).

Mark (and his friends) use furies not only as great flights of fancy but as personal avatars to communicate to others with. It's great how your characters can often say things you can't.

RODNEY --

Likes:

Ecology
Good Art
New Age/Avant Garde Music
Synthesizers
Nudism
Filking
Freedom
"Casual Sexuality"²
Genitalia in Art³

Dislikes:

Prudism
Sexism
Intolerance
Government
War and its phillias
Violence of all sorts
"Sexy Clothing"¹
"Dumb" as "Sexy"

¹-- He considers this a contriction in terms, unless it's very easy to remove. He's laregly alone in this and he knows it.

²-- Meaning a relaxed, non-chalant (and non-hung up) attitude, NOT being "loose" or downright dangerous.

³-- If it's drawn well and attractively, and with a relaxed and natural feel to the situation. He's largely alone in this too, and he knows it.

Rodney just graduated from college (B.A. in Ecology) and has joined the ranks of the unemployed while he works to get a novel published and some songs written.

Watch out for Rodney -- he's a mad Hugger!

MUTUAL PROJECTS:

Both Mark and Rodney have a long-time interest in the mustelid family (weasels, minks, otters, skunks, badgers, wolverines, and kin), which in fact is how they met. They have since begun the Society for Musteline Arts and Literature (SMAL), a meet-and-greet orginization for creators and collectors of musteline art and stories.

Before long, they hope to be publishing Furry Tails, a genzine for the best in Furry fiction, graphics and philosophy (including erotic) which will be sold at conventions and book & comic stores. We're gathering material for the first issue right now.

The Tiger's Den BBS is, among other things, a communications-system for Furry fans on both coasts. Give it a call if you have a modem, but be sure to leave a name and number you can be reached at.

About "Chirp": A "contact call" made by many young mammals, and by adults in the case of many weasels and some other animals. Mark has been using it as a "contact call" for some time now, and it appears to be spreading among Furry fans. It can mean many things: Hello! Yes? What? Hey You, over here! Wow! Bye! or whatever. Try it out -- it works!

If you have inquires about anything mentioned in this (admittedly long) letter, write us at the address for the Prancing Skiltaire. So, until we see YOU at the next Furry Party:

Chirp!

Syls and Vinson

Furry Art Showcase

Part I



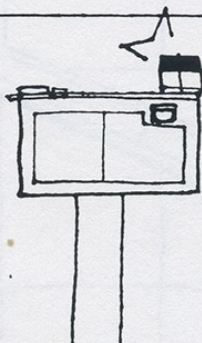


'MY FAVORITE POSITION?

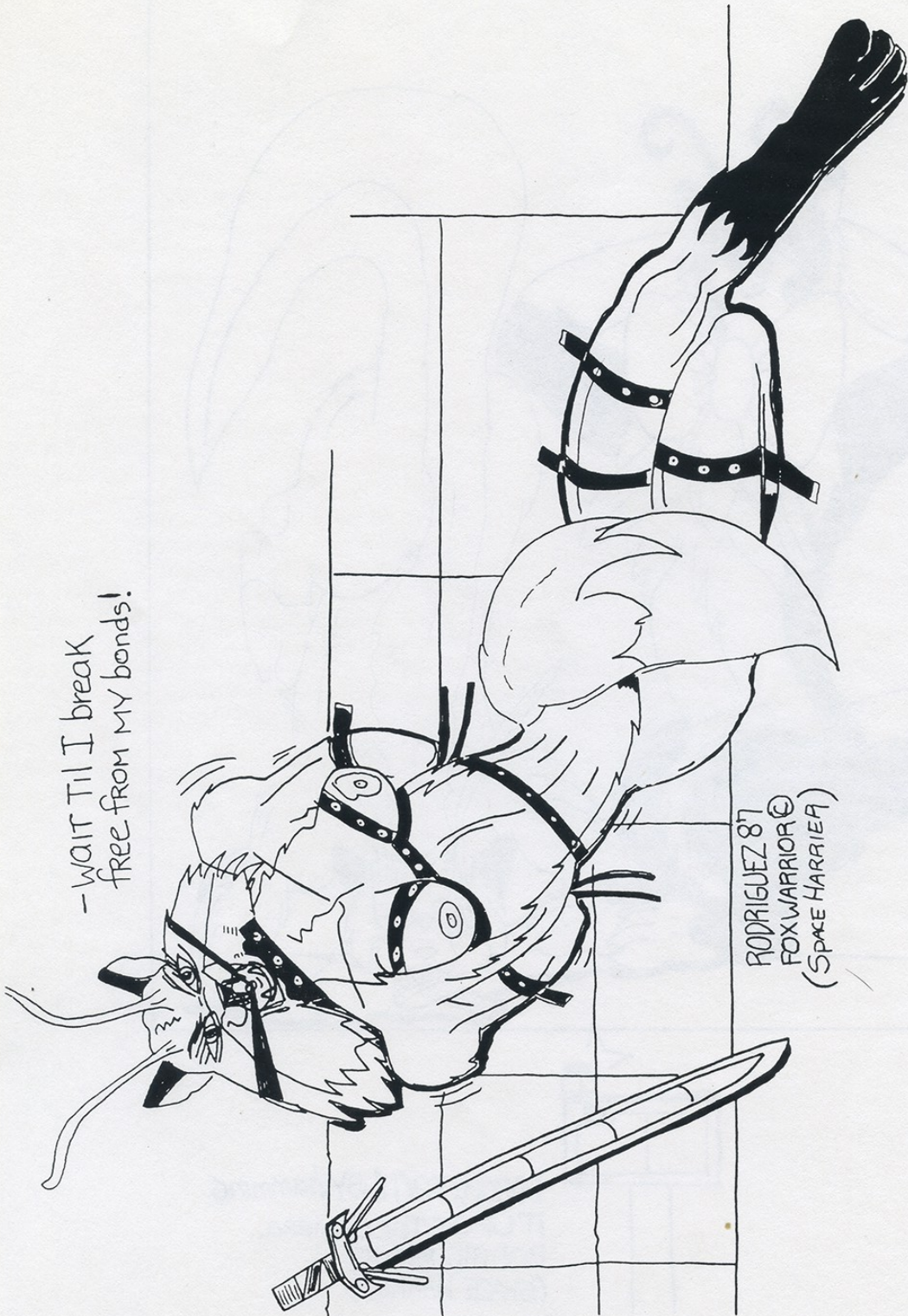
GEE, DON ISN'T THAT A BIT PERSONAL?'



BRYCE "WHEN DOES
FOOTBALL SEASON START?"
NAKAGAWA '87

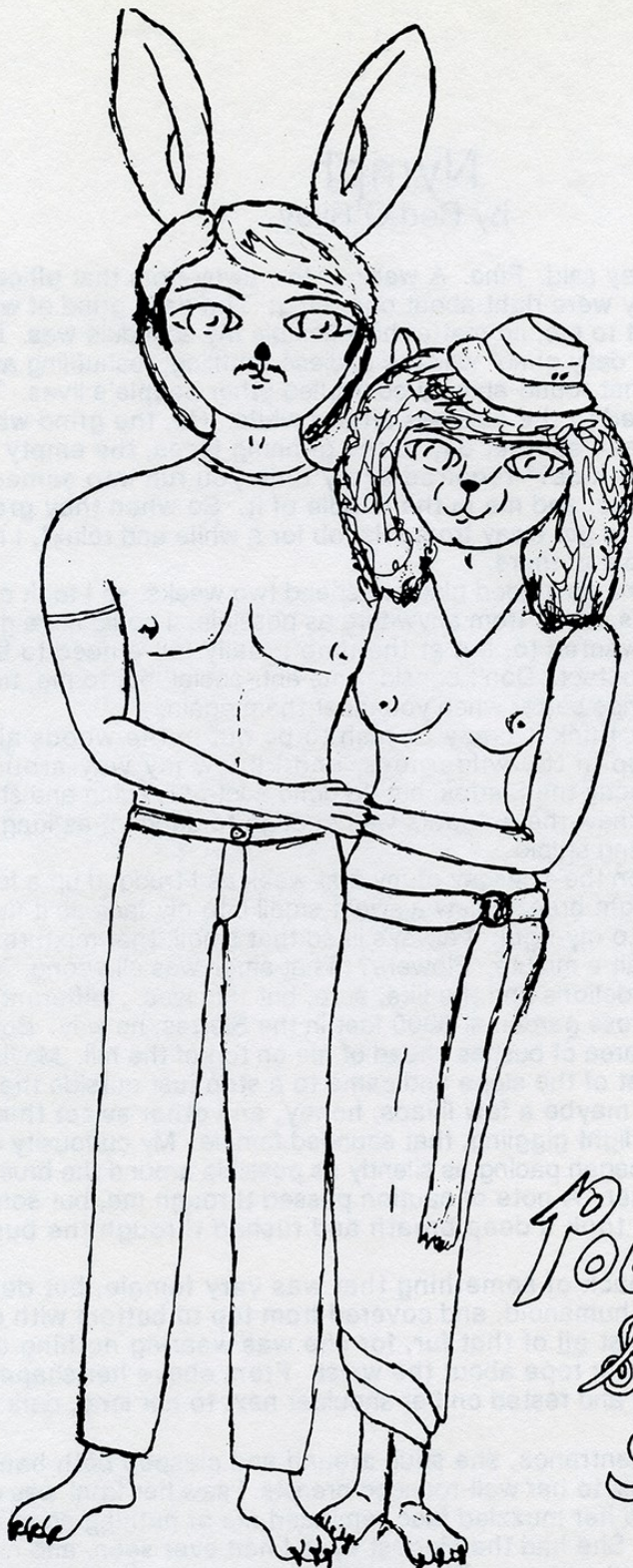


EDITOR: TORI & SY hamming
IT UP AT THE CAMERA.
RODRIGUEZ 87
(SPACE HARRIER)



-WAIT TIL I break
free from MY bonds!

RODRIGUEZ 87
FOXWARRIOR ©
(SPACE HARRIER)



Pooky
&
SCIAF

8-15-87

Nymph

by Rod O'Riley

Get out and relax they said. Fine. A week or two away from that office crowd would be just fine with me. They were right about one thing: The daily grind of working at that place was beginning to get to me, no matter how flexible my schedule was. But they were wrong in thinking that my "daily grind" was the endless shuffling, reshuffling and stacking of mountains of paperwork that round-aboutly controlled other people's lives. That part was easy by now; you get used to the dullness after a while. No, the grind was them. The people. I just could not take another day of the grinning faces, the empty eyes and the endless "Hi Bill, how's the kids?" required every time you run into someone. Shallow people leading shallow lives, and me in the middle of it. So when they graciously said, "Hector, what you need is to get away from this job for a while and relax", I readily agreed with them and got myself out of there.

The Sierras caught me as a good place to spend two weeks, so I took a bus to a little spot in the lower mountains, as far from anywhere as possible. I could have gone on one of those guided tours if I'd wanted to, but at the time I really felt a need to be alone for a while, away from human contact. Don't consider me anti-social, but to me, time away from your fellow man makes things better when you meet them again.

I know, some might think it crazy or rash to be out in the woods alone, but (not bragging) I had grown up in the wilderness, and I knew my way around. Okay, so Arrowhead Lake is not exactly the Sierras, but I'd done a lot of reading and studying on the side as well. So I think I knew the outdoors well enough to survive, as long as I watched myself and didn't do anything stupid.

It was mid-morning on the Tuesday of my first week as I trudged up a foot path along the side of a small hill. A light breeze blew a sweet smell into my face as it flew toward the higher mountains way off to my right. I always liked that smell, that mixture of pine trees, flowers, fresh air and -- wait a minute. Flowers? That smell was all wrong. You might get the smell of mountain dandelions and the like, sure, but this was. . . different. Roses? No one's going to cultivate a rose garden at 3000 feet in the Sierras, no way. But there it was, floating down out from an area of bushes ahead of me on top of the hill. Moving quickly yet quietly, I ascended the rest of the slope and came to a stop just outside the bush clump. There it was, roses, plus maybe a few liliacs, honey, and other sweet things mixed in. Weird. Then I heard it: A light giggling, that sounded female. My curiosity overcame my lonership for a moment, I began pacing as silently as possible around the brush until I found a place where it was thinner. A note of caution passed through me, but something in my head made it go away. I took a deep breath and rushed through the bushes into the clearing within.

I stood facing the back of something that was very female, but definitely not a woman. She was thin and humanoid, and covered from top to bottom with earthy-brown fur. And I could see almost all of that fur, for she was wearing nothing save a nearly transparent tunic, tied with a rope about the waist. From above her shapely rear-end a huge, bushy tail arched up and rested on her shoulder next to her long, dark hair and tiny, mouse-like ears.

At my blundersome entrance, she spun around and clasped both hands, one filled with small flowers and grass, to her well-rounded breasts. I saw her front was creamy-white from thighs to cheeks, and her muzzled face reminded me of nothing so much as a baby otter. She was that cute. She had the biggest eyes I had ever seen, and now they were even bigger from shock and surprise. Then, with a gasp and a tiny "oh!" of dismay, she

disappeared like smoke in a breeze, leaving behind nothing but the smell of roses and honey.

I don't even want to know what my face looked like right then, but I'd guess my eyes were about the size of cueballs and my chin hanging down to about my waist, or something equally stupid. I stood there dumbfounded for a moment, then sat -- no, fell down on my butt to the ground. I sat there immobile for an eternity, then shot up, turned tail, and ran out of that bush clump like all Hell was after me.

#

I sat there in my bell tent that night, trying to sort out what had happened. Outside, my hastily built campfire burnt itself out. I hoped I'd made it right with my hands being so shaky. Right then I did not need a forest fire on top of everything else.

Okay, so what was she? No, wait, first things first: Did I even really see her? Yes, I had to have, she was just. . . too much there to be an illusion. I'm not crazy. Tired, but not crazy. Why would I hallucinate? And I had smelled her, even from some distance away; that much I knew. Maybe my eyes and ears could be fooled, but my nose as well was taking things too far for me. How could I have imagined that weird honey/rose smell, just like the one that was coming into my tent from outside --

Oh no.

"Hello?" came a small, young voice from outside, "Is anyone home?" I pushed myself against the opposite wall of my tent so fast I could have toppled the damn thing.

"Oh please don't be frightened," I heard her say, as her shadow appeared on the door. She sounded distressed. "I, I only want to talk to you for a moment, I promise," she said. "May I come in?"

Something in the softness of her voice made me relax a bit. "Uh, yes," I replied, "It's all right. Come in."

She fumbled with the zipper to my tent for a minute; I guess she was unfamiliar with those things. When she got it, she zipped open the entrance and poked her head in. Even in the dimness of my tent her huge green eyes had a soft glow behind them. The firelight from behind her outlined every curve of her nearly naked form through her translucent tunic. I knew she was real now.

"I, um, I came here to apologize for this afternoon," she said. I could tell by looking at her she was even more frightened than I had ever been.

"Oh. . . I see," I said gently. "Come a little closer, it's all right. Don't be afraid." Was I talking to her or to me?

She walked into my tent, which was no mean feat in itself. She couldn't have been more than five-one. She squatted a few feet away from me with her arms around her knees and her tail wrapped around her feet. God she looked young.

I zipped open my sleeping bag and sat up in the same position as her. I hoped she wouldn't mind my wearing only underwear, but somehow I really doubted she would. "Now, um, what did you mean by 'apologize'?" I asked.

"For this afternoon," she repeated, "In my glade. I thought I might have frightened you, and that's a terrible thing to do after I'd attracted you in there by mistake."

I couldn't help but smile. "Me frightened? You're the one who disappeared."

"Well, you startled me," she replied, lightening up a little. I felt glad about that. "Though it was my fault," She continued. "I was so pleased I'd found those flowers I was looking for that I didn't realize I was. . . sending, and I didn't expect anyone to be around." She must have seen it in my face that I didn't understand, for she went to ask, "Well, why did you come running into my glade like that?"

I thought back. "I, uh. . . I wanted to. Hey, that's weird. I heard you and, uh, smelled you, so I knew someone was in there. I should have walked away, since I wasn't in a great

hurry to see anyone, but... I couldn't help myself. I wanted in there, real bad."

She nodded slowly. "I thought so. You see, nymphs are a bit empathic, so when I'm pleased with something I tend to radiate that feeling, and males find it, um, attractive."

"Radiate?" I said, poking my head forward. "You mean, you were spewing pheromones all over the place? That's what made me charge in there like a nut?"

Her eyes widened. "Phero... oh, no! Nothing like that. It's just a, a feeling I send out, that's all. I told you I was sorry, I didn't realize what I was doing." Now she sounded distressed.

"Oh, no, don't worry," I said quickly. "It's okay, I'm not mad or anything, honest. Now, uh, what was it you said you are?"

"Me? Oh, I'm a fur nymph. You know, there are nymphs for everything: Dryads for trees, mermaids for the seas, bramble nymphs, rock nymphs, and I'm -- "

"A fur nymph, right. I get it. Well, what do fur nymphs... do?"

She cocked her head to one side. "Do?" she said, then shrugged quickly. "Nymphs don't really 'do' anything, in particular. The gods just made us long ago as a symbol of all the feminine things in nature, just like they made the satyrs for all the male things."

"Oh, I see." I didn't pretend to fully understand, but... "Well, then, do you have a name?"

"Tuinta'ah."

I must have started a bit. "Twi... Twin-tah-hah?"

She giggled girlishly; a lovely sound. "Close enough," she said sweetly. "What's yours?"

"Um, Hector," I replied, "Hector Ro -- "

"Hector?" she said musically, suddenly moving close to me. Her eyes sparkled brightly. "Oooo, that's Greek!" she said with obvious relish. "That means we have something in common, doesn't it?" Her face was only an inch or so from mine now.

"Well, I uh, I guess we -- wa -- " Something was tickling my nose. "Wa -- WAA -- "

"Oh my!" she said, jutting her hand forward under my nose. She giggled. "You must have breathed in a stray piece of fur. I'm so sorry." She softly stroked my moustache back into place.

"Oh, don't mind it." She made to withdraw her hand. "Wait. Just a minute." I reached forward slowly and gently touched her forearm. Stroking it, I found she was softer than anything I'd ever felt, and very, very warm.

Pleased by my touch, she stood up and coyly ran her fingertips through my hair. I moved to stroking the front of her thigh. "You don't... mind my touching you?" I asked nervously.

"No, not at all," she said. "It feels very nice. Here." she untied the rope about her waist with one hand, and with the other pulled her tunic off of her shoulders. It floated down off her body to the ground.

Oh, Lord.

She took my hand and placed it on her stomach. Kneeling, I massaged her gently with that hand, while the other reached around to stroke her rump. I looked up, she looked down, and our eyes met.

"You're very nice," she said, smiling sweetly.

"You are too," I replied softly. I lowered my gaze again, and she continued stroking my hair as my body began to tingle. Then she gently pushed my head forward from behind. I humbly obliged by moving forward very, very slowly... until my lips touched the flesh between her thighs. I felt her body go rigid as my tongue and mouth explored her. She breathed through her nose very slowly, then tilted her head back and opened her

mouth as her breath came in short gasps. Her tail wrapped around both of us, pulling me closer. I didn't stop my probing until I felt a shudder pass through her from end to end.

I sat back on my sleeping bag, and she came down and wrapped herself around me. She licked all about my neck and face while she massaged my chest and nipples, and my hands explored every curve of her form.

She pushed me down to lay flat on my back, then snapped my underwear band and moaned sympathetically.

"Oh, you look downright trapped in that thing. Here." And she slipped it down off my legs. I felt my body tighten. She fondled me with one, then both hands, and had me erect almost instantly. Her face looked like a child that had recieved a new toy. As her tongue and mouth enveloped me, something in my mind cried out, I don't believe this! It can't be happening! Yet even as I thought it I was reaching up to bring her to me, and she obliged. She reached down to spread herself open with one hand, then lay down on top of me. We wrapped our arms around each other, wrestled tongues, and moved our hips together as one.

We both moaned softly, as she arched her back and closed her eyes. The cool of the woods was banished by the warmth of the beautiful creature on top of me. We kissed deep and rolled about together for what seemed like an eternity, while the tightness in me grew and grew. When I came I all but gave a roar.

We lay there for a minute, unable to move. Then we embraced again in a gentle kiss. I bent down and bit the back of her neck, then came up and gazed at her face.

I smiled, looked deep into her eyes and said, "Satisfied?"

She smiled, looked deep into my eyes and said, "No."

"Good," I chuckled, "Neither am I." Then I turned her over, and she giggled and lifted her tail out of the way as I entered her from behind. I fondled her breasts with one hand, while the other probed lower and brought her through it with me this time.

To be continued . . .

Kyim's Ramblings
621 Boulevard Way Oakland, CA 94610
A letters page

Imagine the letters page of a comic book. That is what this page is for. I, Kyim Granger Lion will answer any and all letters referred to this space. Send your letters to the above address. The following is a little something from my CLC file.

Profile:

Name: Kyim Granger Lion

Height: 5' 9"

Weight: 250

Tail Length: 42"

Eyes: Brown

Creator: US Airforce Contracted
Research Group

Profession: Writer/Delivery person

Race: Human/Lion recom

Fur: Tawny

Mane: Black

Distinctive Features:

Black Tail-Tuft

Rosette Patterned Paws

Interests: Computerized Telecommunication, Role-Playing Games, Japanese Anime, Science Fiction, Fantasy.

Favorite Drink: Diet Cherry Coke

Favorite Food: Most Cheeses

Most Recent Movie Seen: Robocop

Favorite piece of Japanese Animation: Urusei Yatsura

Likes: Being with Friends, Lite Rock in which the words can be understood, Minor amounts of Heavy Metal (so long as it is easy on the titanium and low in tar), small groups, reading, swimming.

Dislikes: Traffic, Large crowds, Most Rap Music, Noisy environments, Noisy people, politics, Fist of the Northstar, Intoxicating Beverages, insects.

Special Talents: Transplantary Telepath.

He is capable with but little effort of sending his thoughts to an individual anywhere on the planet. He could also read the thoughts of that same individual, but he reportedly does not like to delve any deeper than a person's surface thoughts.

Enhanced Peceptual Ability

Via psienhancement he can enhance any of his five physical senses to extreme degrees. This ability off sets his otherwise poor vision (Nearsighted). If he is shielding his thoughts, this ability is also negated.

INTRODUCTION: KATRINA AND KEBEAN











Paul R. Dale 87

Mythsex Part Two

Notes: [I] = General Concept

[V] = Particular Picture

F. Lamia

A Lamia is a woman from the hips up and a snake from the hips down. They are also vampires.

1. Lamia Alone [V]

A lamia lying in her nest (rocks and sand, grass, or elegant indoor setting) has her torso arched in climax. She is holding her breasts, carressing her nipples. She is using the tip of her tail to rub her clitoris. Even in her self-induced passion, she has an evil, knowing look.

2. Lamia and Man [V]

The man is resting on his knees, but bent backward with his legs spread and his buttocks well off the ground, his arms and head dangling. The lamia's snake part is wrapped around him, holding and supporting him from the rear while she has brought her torso between his legs so that she is facing him. She is leaning forward, high enough on him so that they have made contact, holding him with her hands beneath his arms. She is in the throws of passion, but he is limp. Presumably he is still hard inside her, the viewer cannot tell. He may be dead or totally spent, but the lamia's evil look should indicate the former.

3. Lamia and Woman [V]

The woman is lying on her back with her hips rolled toward the viewer. Her upper leg may be bent and raised a little. Her arms are above her head, her hair in disarray. She is gazing at the lamia with a satiated expression.

The lamia is behind the woman, looking either tenderly down at her or knowingly, defiantly, at the viewer. She is resting her weight on one arm while the other rests lightly on the woman's breast. The lamia's tail is between the woman's legs. It is just covering her pubic mound. While there is no penetration, it must appear that there may just have been or that the lamia used her tail to stimulate the woman's clitoris.

G. Leda and the Swan [I]

This one has been done several times.

H. Minotaur and a Human Woman [I]

Either rape or a woman who likes them big.

1. Minotaur and a Human Woman [V]

A minotaur has just grabbed his partner from behind and pulled her onto his undoubtedly enormous erection in the best macho style. He is arched forward, head thrown back, bellowing, his hands on her hips. She is bent forward, feet way out in front, arms back as though diving, head back, hair half over her face. His expression is animal lust; hers surprise/pain/pleasure.

I. Nessus and Huracles' Wife [I]

The centaur Nessus attempted the abduction/rape of Heracles' wife. That wound up more

as a fatal masturbation of Nessus by the wife after Heracles shot him.

J. Pasiphae and the Bull [I]

Pasiphae, Queen of Crete, took a passion for one of the dance bulls and got Daedalus to hide her inside an artifivial cow. The result was the Minotaur.

Cat People

A. Notes:

This isn't really mythological sex since, to my knowledge, the sphinx was the only mythological cat/human cross.

Given a felinoid human, the sexual possibilities are essentially those of normal humans. If the cat person has a long tail, that has certain additional possibilities.

Cats' tails are very mobile, but not truly prehensile - they can't have much strength or leverage. So penetration would not be practical, though caresses are no problem.

The following thoughts apply to all furred humanoids:

Might fur get in the way of sex?

On the positive side, the disturbance of the hairs could substitute for the contact of flesh. Where flesh is exposed (nipples, excited genitals, lips, etc.) it would provide a contrasting texture.

On the negative side, if rubbed the wrong way, fur could e quite irritating. There is also the problem of sloppiness. Since sex is liquid, no matter how far the fur surrounding the genitals pulls back, it is going to get wet. It will have to be cleaned and will certainly show that a couple has been having sex. (A corollary is that both sexes will have to be careful about pulling fur away for urination and, if the anal area is not bare, for defecation.)

Fur will trap odors, both sexual and aggressive pheromones and unpleasant smells. Furred people must either accept the odors, have lighter body odors, or wash a lot.

B. Couples

1. Claws [I]

A cat person could use claws very delicately to add a dimension to foreplay.

2. Tail Play [I]

To my knowledge, all mammals that have hanging tails have a sensitive area under the root of the tail above the anus. That would probably be an erogenous zone. The phrase "a piece of tail" could take on a whole spectrum of new meanings.

More next Issue

That's it for this one. Mythsex will return next issue along with Part two of Vinson Mink's "Nymph". See you all next issue! Kyim Granger (Karl Maurer)